

BLUE GRASS BLADE

A. T. Parker
High and Ashland East Side

Stop?

VOLUME XV. NUMBER 30

WE AIM TO CUT DOWN ERROR AND ESTABLISH TRUTH.

LEXINGTON, KY., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1906

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, \$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

GOD

AND A FUTURE LIFE

Farm Basis of Symposium By Members of the Materialists' Association Giving Reason Why They Disbelieve in Both.

FIRST OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THE SUBJECT

(By ELIZA MOWRY BLIVENS)

Question: What are some of your reasons for believing that life is not forever?

Answers:

I see nothing in man's nature to justify such a belief. Then again, I have no satisfactory proof of return after death.—Mrs. Clara M. Blader, Massachusetts.

One life is all that is needed, if lived properly.—H. B. Raleigh, N. H.

All life spring from one original source or cell; all living thing is but a part of man's body, the one original cause. According to the makeup of the organism, each creature produces brain. The brain is the organ thru which ability, characteristics and talents are developed. The physical organism varies, and the amount of brains; that makes the individualities. When those organisms perish individualities perish. The force that operates through the brain is one and universal and the same now and forever. Air is the prime essential. Falling to breathe it at birth, there is no life. Falling to breathe it and time results in death. Hence air seems the only possible spirit, and air is a universal force.—M. A. Brigham, Maine.

Man draws the breath of life from the atmosphere at the beginning of life; and at the end of life his breath goes back to the atmosphere; and so far as anybody knows, that is the end, the body going back to the earth.

The belief in future life is wholly based on the belief in God.

Dr. Wilson, of Meridian, Miss., stated that future life shall be an article of faith. Their creed does not make it so, but their teaching in regard to a future life blinds the people who do not think in investigate for themselves, and thus the fallacy is kept alive.—L. L. Dawson, Florida.

The main reason for disbelieving in future life is its unreasonableness.

If we are immortal as is every other living creature on earth from the lowest to the highest forms, as according to the evolutionary theory, all are created in some way.

Where is heaven? The preachers point upwards always; but at twelve noon and twelve at midnight they point just the opposite direction. The earth is revolving on its axis at the rate of 1,000 miles per hour, and sweeping around the sun at an enormous speed, and the sun is going around a star at a greater speed.—Marshall Hall, Pennsylvania.

I have never seen any new life, other than maggot life, or a fungoid vegetable mold, resurrected from the dead. Assisting at the exhumation of a body which had been buried for nearly two years, it was found to be still dead—very dead!—in fact, fully as dead, if not more so, than upon the first day of its death. We reinterred it, and to the best of my knowledge and belief, it remains dead. I venture the conclusion that this is a typical specimen of all the unaccountable millions who have ever died. I have gone out of my way often to get sight of a reputed ghost, but never saw one, either holy or otherwise; but did upon one occasion, see a white cow in a cemetery at night, which frightened my companion very much.—John H. Ecker, Wyoming.

The mind, understand, constitutes the "soul" and as the mind, thoughts, intelligence, etc., is the effect of brain power, force, or energy, it seems to me rather absurd to suppose that the brain could produce or exert any influence whatever, after death. What reason has any sane person for believing that the brain continues to produce thoughts after it is lifeless?—E. J. Buck, Texas.

All insects and mankind are born, feed, grow and die similarly.

All have intelligence according to the brain they can develop, now show any signs of intelligence after they are dead, if man's intelligence were dead, he could know everything at birth, and never do wrong. Instead,

he inherits some good and bad qualities from parents, and develops more by food, activities, study and experi-

ence. He loses, part by fallen drunkenness, disease, decay, and death destroys all abilities. Intelligence has been acquired through countless acts of developing the brain by using it and transmitting abilities from parent to child.—Eliza Mowry Bliven, Connecticut.

About the Symposium.

All Materialists are invited to become members of the Materialist Association to increase our count, &c. Whether or not, all Materialists are invited to go to the secretary and sign up to our Symposium on subjects selected September 29th Truth Seeker, via, 1st, Reasons for believing there is no future life; 2nd, Reasons for believing there is no God; 3rd, How can Materialism be made most beneficial, interesting and popular and worth the placing of all religions?

I want as great a variety of sensible answers as can be secured, on each of these three subjects, to keep up the thinking and investigating, keep our columns interesting and instructive, and keep my materialists interested. Also please to let the following for discussion on Symposium Subjects: "Praying harmful instead of beneficial? Why? What would better promote the objects for which praying is recommended?"

Send not over 100 words in your answer to each Symposium Subject; but you may send more than one answer to each if you have first rate convincing answers, worth printing. Secure answers from others if you can. "Keep the pot boiling."

Every kind of spiritism,

Keep cooking in symposium pie; Till proved they are all superstitious.

Some few days ago the blade received a clipping from some unknown friend. The envelope containing it was postmarked "New York," but there was no letter within, no sign or indication as to who had sent it. Suddenly it did not come from a friend of Comstock and it is also evident that the clipping is from a Gotham paper which is readily determined from the expressions used. It tells the story of a recent escapade of Anthony in New York, and Dr. Wilson declared it to represent the following:

"I charged the man Comstock with being a fair and grater of the first."

He never fights the big fellows, but persecutes the little ones.

"Yesterday, he did not tell you, when he contended that he thought he had a moral right to charge the government mileage, that to get the money he had to swear an affidavit that he had expended such sums in the Government's behalf. But swear to it he did, until Marshal Henkel refused to pay him further witness fees and mileage. At that same time he was dismissed from St. Louis, N. J., where he was on his commission as a postal inspector entitled him to the position."

"And you all heard him admit the truth?" shouted Lawyer Hugh Gordon Miller yesterday to the jury in the U. S. Circuit Court, where his client, Earl Richards, was jointly on trial with Joe J. Koch on a charge of improperly using the mails.

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JAMES E. HUGHES Editor and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail, postpaid, \$1.00 per year, in advance.
Trial subscription 15 cents per month.
All foreign subscription, postpaid, \$2.00 per year.
Five new subscribers sent with one remittance at \$1.00 per
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THE OFFICE of publication of the Blade is at 55 West
Short Street, Lexington, Kentucky, to which all Free-
thinkers will be given a hearty welcome.

THE BLADE is entered at the Postoffice, at Lexington, Ken-
tucky, as second class mailing matter.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS to THE BLUE GRASS
BLADE, P. O. Box 303, Lexington, Ky.

Life is a mystery. • • • •

Even death is a leap in the dark. • • • •

Religion is growing stale and unprofitable. • • • •

The divine message must have got swamped during
transit. • • • •

Liberty is unsafe in the hands of orthodox Christian
believers. • • • •

It is no safe plan to judge a man's character by
his catechism. • • • •

Modern science, in its application, is the only
true Savior of mankind. • • • •

Comstock has practically admitted that he is
serving the Lord only for the long green. • • • •

The supply of aggressive, intellectual, liberal
thought is not being made equal to the demand. • • • •

Progress is a desirable thing only when we know
we are making it in the right direction. • • • •

When men grow short on moral virtue it is im-
possible to make up the deficiency by reciting long
prayers. • • • •

The Christian religion exercises as little moral
influence upon the lives of its votaries as the
seventh commandment. • • • •

Humanity must cease seeking the shadows in the
realm of make-believe and learn that the kendal-green
of the laborer may be more worthy of honor
than the purple of power or the broadcloth of the
parson. • • • •

American liberty did not come through the ortho-
doxy faith for it was painfully written with a
bayonet on the backs of Cornwallis' buccaneers and
Thomas Paine wrote the first words of our
nation's freedom. • • • •

A thousand years are but as one tick in the
mighty horologe of Time and the loitered life, but
three score years and ten. This brief period we
expend, not in living, but in providing the means
of life, not as creation's lords, but slaves to our
own avarice, the most pitiful passion that ever
cursed mankind. • • • •

Life is likened unto a great railroad system. At
birth all make the same kind of a start on the great
line which has its branches running in every direction.
For a time we all travel along the same line, but as
we journey on each traveler selects his own
branch or is driven from it by the law of necessity.
Our political saviors are now bending every effort
to create those necessities which turn us from
our appointed path. • • • •

Truly, it seems as if some monstrous curse has
fallen upon the womb of the world. What is be-
coming of the race? Whither are we drifting? Our
fathers labored in the performance of strict duty
even though the reward might be a gibbet, but in
these days even preachers strive to win praise and
falsehood by empty plausibility and try to
manage matters mundane on the basis of brute
selfishness. Their only Mecca is the wages of gold
and grub. • • • •

If all the human suffering, the heartaches, the
sorrow and despair that has been caused by the
Christian religion, begotten of its insatiable thirst
for greed, could be utilized to form another hell, the
Prince of Darkness would stand appalled. Every
dollar it can boast has been coined from the life-
blood of the poor. The shadows of its gilded domes
fall athwart the cot of the laborer whom it has
robbed of his earnings. • • • •

WHAT WARDEN COFFIN THINKS OF THE PROPOSED MOORE BOOK

Who, of our readers, has not heard of Warden Coffin, formerly of the Ohio State penitentiary, practically the head of that penal institution when Editor Charles C. Moore was confined there a martyr to the cause of human liberty? Who has not read of the many kindly references made by Mr. Moore to that hospitable, generous-hearted and kindly gentleman? Who does not remember the great love and attachment that sprang up between the convict and his keeper during that enforced association in the walls of a government prison?

It is with genuine pleasure that we give space to the following letter, making it a feature of this issue, as being one of the very best testimonials to the purity of Mr. Moore's motives, his splendid character and lofty purpose. It was written to the Blade in response to the request for subscriptions to the proposed publication of Mr. Moore's writings and should exercise a wide influence. It reads:

Springfield, Ohio, October 15, 1906.

MR. JAMES E. HUGHES.
Dear Sir:—In reference to the publishing by you the writings of the late Charles C. Moore would say that by all means publish it and put me down for one copy at least.

There ought to be no trouble in your procuring two thousand subscribers for this book. Let the friends of grand old Charley Moore get a hustle on them. Respectfully yours,

E. G. COFFIN.

PERSONAL TO OUR READERS.

Force of circumstances which we could not control delayed the publication of the Blade during the past two weeks and we crave the kind indulgence of our readers. The delay was occasioned consequent upon our moving to another office and it seemed as if every kind of an unforeseen accident had to occur in putting up our machinery. The delay has been as annoying to us as it could possibly be. It may be that the Lord above, if there is one, took a hand in the game and caused all the trouble just to get even with the Blade for what we have said about him.

Happily, our troubles are at an end, in this respect. We are safely lodged in our new quarters and our linotype and other machinery has been put in place. It is our purpose to get out two issues of the Blade this week in order to catch up. One of these will be published Monday or Tuesday, November 5th or 6th, and the other will be mailed at the customary season so that our readers may look for their regular Sunday copy.

Now that we are in a new home we hope to run along better, smoother and happier. With the issue succeeding this one we shall be able to prompt with the Blade again.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIVING.

Day by day the world grows more and more complex until the science of government becomes as intricate as that of chemistry. At the same time it does not appear that our human progress has made the people any happier for as civilization advances the wants of the race increase and multiply, many incapable of acquiring gratification or satisfaction, hence, unable to attain happiness. From the cradle to the grave man struggles through a maze of endless complications which our politicians seek to increase and our preachers to further entangle us in snare and delusions.

There is no greater or more impressive truth than that which declares that our ways and wants are not the ways and wants of our forefathers. And yet, with all our advancement, the question of obtaining food and shelter has never been more absorbing. As an inevitable consequence of the rule that our needs increase by their satisfaction it appears that the more a man has the more wants. Freethinkers have, in a measure, sought out and striven to restore to honor, the true life, and declare that the center of all human progress lies in moral and mental growth. The art of living is to know how to apply life to the best possible advantage. Since no man can hold his life in constant and perfect check it is better to respect it and use it instead of going about in such a way as to make others disgusted with it. In other words, do not waste your life. Use it. Make it bear wholesome fruit. Learn to give it that it may not consume itself.

The student knows that it is environment that controls us and hem us in on all sides. To improve society we must improve the individual unit and this improvement the unit can accomplish himself. The true soldier takes good care of his sword that it is not bent or rusted and bow much more careful should we be with our thoughts, those thoughts that mold and shape our human destinies!

Here is the true philosophy of life. In it is no imitation Jesus to agonize about and cause bibles and prayer books to be sent to naked negroes in equatorial Africa. In it is no revengeful God who makes and damns mankind to satisfy an idle curiosity. In it is no creed-bound ruler to imprison the brain and chain the intellect to the altar of faith. This philosophy will bring greater ideals and abolish life's dissonance and despair. This philosophy makes no pretence at knowing the future and spends no time speculating upon it. It stands overwhelmed by the irretrievable past and is at death-grips with the present. This philosophy was born of Reason and nursed by knowledge, it is the child of love and pain and it lives between the rosy breasts of hope.

CONFESSION OF A CHURCHMAN.

For unvarnished truth the Blade desires to command a writer giving his name as Milo Atkinson in the Christian Standard, a church organ published at Cincinnati. He says:

"On the subject of Christian stewardship let me say that in the church today there are a great many people who are either telling a lie, or they are living a lie."

"Good! This is a frank confession and it evidently comes from one who knows. He may have been long time in finding it out but the truth comes better later than never to come at all. It has not yet occurred, probably, to Milo Atkinson that the very class who daily commit the sins of which he com-

ables to see the dismal failures wrought there will be a sudden hiatus in the bag and missionaries will have to go planting post-holes in the dark of the moon. The movement may last for a time for the 'glory of God' is a great thing to draw cash but it won't last long.

THE BLADE LOSES A SUBSCRIBER.

"All this dread order barks—for whom? for thee? Vile worm! Oh, madness! Pride! Impiety!"

Were this old world perfect the preachers would be in the devil of a fix for there would be no need of heaven. It is only by unceasing toil, labor and struggle that the race rises higher and higher to new planes of existence. Had man remained in the Biblical Eden we should still have been a chump. If death ends all we shall experience no disappointments, grasp no apples of Sodom when we pass to the ever dreamless sleep. Some declare that they control the only gate to heaven, all others being but the highway to hell. Hence, there can be no perfection, for with perfection progress ceases.

Upon this same hypothesis the Blade realizes that it is by no means perfect. It could not be perfect if it would. But the Blade has a motto which it strives to follow in the establishment of truth and the cutting down of palpable error. It may not succeed but it will only give up the struggle after a most desperate effort. In the prosecution of its mission it is necessary to assil shams, expose flagrant fraud and cut down error and falsehood with an ever sharpened edge. This is not a God given duty, but a self assumed task and in the doing we did not expect we would please everybody. Better and grander men have miserably failed in such an effort. It is better to offend one, however, than the many and in this light we can appreciate and understand the opprobrious epithets thrown our way by one, W. W. Howard, of Dixon, Missouri, whose letter we published last week. As a general rule it might be better to silently ignore such an epistle, to treat it with contempt that it richly deserves, but there is such a splendid moral to be drawn from it that the Blade cannot forego the pleasure of a reply.

The stationery upon which Mr. Howard's letter was written informs us that he is a banker, being vice-president of "The People's Bank" of Dixon. Of course its patrons have no idea that Mr. Howard and his business associates are "the people." As a banker he is exceedingly in admiration of Roosevelt and he has excellent reasons for being so. The Blade would not disturb the relationship for the world. This is why, to Mr. Howard, there is so much that is "rotten" in the columns of the Blade. Most men will swear when their pet corn is in a canker and, doubtless, Mr. Howard's toes had been abundantly trod on.

After all the truth is decidedly unpalatable to those who delight in error. The fanatic invariably looks at liberty through the inverted telescope. It may be that the world is growing better, and the Blade concedes that it is, for the Howard's no longer drab men head downwards for simply telling the truth, they only cry "stop my subscription" because your "sheet" is too "rotten" for me. The political fanatic is no less dangerous than the religious fanatic. The religious fanatic imagines that the race is hot-footing it to hell because he cannot make the people accept his brand of saving grace and the political fanatic indulges the delusion that he alone holds the key to salvation. Both of them should learn to apply the soft pedal. To be only half free is virtually to remain half a slave. Political freedom is as great a blessing as religious freedom and there can be no true happiness until both have been made a glorious human achievement.

True, indeed, men will differ, and they will continue to differ, upon what should be destroyed and what should be preserved, but we have no need for any difference of opinion in assaulting that which is palpably untrue. Men may, and men do, understand freedom in a different way, because they view it in a different light. Doubtless the Howards desire perpetual freedom to borrow money at three and four per cent and loan it again at eight and ten per cent. This may be "legally" honest, but it is a financial fraud and a system that is sapping the vitality out of American labor and strangling American manbood. It is placing freedom on a soaped plank lying along a steep decline. To call a paper "rotten" may be a cheap method of saying a dollar per annum, but it is deashing to one who takes such a course. The Freethought proclivities of such a man are as artificial as an old mad's complexion. The Blade could not be happy with such a member in its family circle and now we come to think we are far better off without him. The Blade gladly, cheerfully and willingly offers his dollar as a sacrifice upon the altar of liberty, the glorious privilege of being free to eat down shams political as well as shams religious.

Could the Blade have thought about the matter in time we might have strangled our independence, fawned upon the "Howards" that thrifit might follow, but when we do that we shall cease the advocacy of Freethought and confess the belief that "give me liberty or give me death" was all a big bluff, then jump into the baptismal font in the hope of sprouting a pale seraphic wing. Fortunately the Blade has learned that it takes more than one catfish to make a creel and that all men are not "Howards." We have also learned that it is impossible for the Blade to be a friend of the banker who thrives on usury and remains a champion of the people's rights. There are some bankers of the people's rights. There are some bankers who are gentlemen, liberals, honest and praiseworthy, but they are of a far different caliber than Howard. Hence the parting of the ways.

Life insurance presidents who pocket \$200,000 a year salaries are not the only jacksal who fall on the substance of the poor. Even a Howard may clutch mortgages on Missouri homes, and demand

